THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 8, 1800.

Hints againſt giving Way to ſudden Paſſion and Surprize.

[From Parkinſon's Publication entitled "Dangerous Sports."]

WHEN the morning came, Mr. Millſon returned to his houſe, or rather cave in the rock, firſt expreſſing his hearty thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henneth, for the kind and hoſpitable treatment they had afforded him; and begged the party would not be late before they honoured him with their viſit.

It was, at laſt, ſettled that they were to be with him by twelve o'clock, and Mr. Millſon, taking Mr. Henneth aſide, begged him, when they had arrived within a hundred yards of the houſe, to let George run forward to apprize him of their coming, and then whiſpered ſomething in Mr. Henneth's ear.

"Pray, Mr. Author, what did he ſay when he whiſpered to him?"—"My charming little reader—What, why do you ſuppoſe he ſpoke in a whiſper?"—"Becauſe he wiſhed, I ſuppoſe, not to be heard by any one, but him to whom he ſpoke."—"Then let us, my young friend, not make a breach in our good manners, but leave the ſecret between Mr. Henneth and his friend old Millſon, not doubting but that, at a proper time, if it be fit to be communicated, we ſhall become a party in the ſecret."

They were all anxious for the time to arrive, at which they were to be admitted to the honour of a viſit at Mr. Millſon's curious cave. When the time came, they all ſat

off as happy as princes, anticipating the delight they were about to experience.

As they were going along, Mr. Henneth turned round, on hearing a noiſe behind, when he ſaw Thomas Willkins lying on the ground, to all appearance lifeleſs, and Edward Harris hanging over him, under the greateſt alarm. On enquiry, he found that in conſequence of a little diſpute, in which Thomas Willkins had treated Edward Harris with a great deal of inſolence and contempt; Edward, on the other's calling him a lyar, had knocked him down by a blow on the ſide of his head. In a few moments, however, he recovered by the care of Mr. Henneth, when Edward flew to him, and, in the moſt affectionate manner, intreated his pardon, and begged his forgiveneſs. He then took Mr. Henneth by the hand, and ſaid, "But you, Sir, I fear, cannot forgive my ill behaviour."—"Yes, Edward, I can, (ſaid Mr. Henneth) but on this condition that you will conſider the conſequences of thus being led away by paſſion. Ponder, my dear fellow, a little on the eſcape you have had, and think what would have been the reflections, which would have ever tormented you, if you had thus robbed, in a fit of paſſion, a fellow-creature, a companion and play-mate, of his life!"—Edward promiſed to pay due attention to Mr. Henneth's cautions, and Thomas Willkins being now recovered they purſued their walk.

As ſoon as they arrived within ſight of the houſe, Mr. Henneth told George that he might now run forwards, and inform Mr. Millſon that the whole family was coming; for Mrs. Henneth, with the young ladies, and even Joe, being of the party.

Away George ran, lifted the latch, and jumped joyfully in——but, in leſs than in a minute, the door opened again, and out flew George, wringing his hands in the deepeſt diſtreſs, and affected with the utmoſt alarm and terror. They all ran towards him, and aſked, what could have happened to terrify him ſo?—"Oh, Sir, (cried George, addreſſing his father) I ſhall never be happy again! Oh, what a wicked wretch I am!"—"What, my dear, is the matter?"—"Poor Mr. Millſon, (ſaid George) that I ſhould murder you!"—"What does the child mean?" ſaid Mr. Henneth.—"Alas! I have killed my dear friend, my good Mr. Millſon."—"My dear child (ſaid Mr. Henneth), collect yourſelf. Be cool, explain yourſelf, and tell us particularly what has happened."—"I will, as well as I can (ſaid George)—when I got into Mr. Millſon's room, he was ſitting, in his old coat, aſleep, by the

the fire, with his head laying on his hands on the table; and on the table was one of the piſtols which uſed to be over his fire-place. As he was aſleep I did not know whether I ought to awake him; and I acknowledge I very imprudently attempted to take up the piſtol to look at it; but directly I touched it, it went off, and as I happened to hold it directed towards him, the whole of its contents, I ſuppoſe, are lodged in his poor head, for he directly fell motionleſs on the floor." —We have not pretended to inſert half of the numerous breaks and interruptions which disjoined poor George's ſtory, nor have we blotted our paper with his tears. His diſtreſs was beyond deſcription.

The whole party now made all the haſte they could, and ruſhed into the room, but were hindered from examining the fallen lifeleſs maſs, by the ſudden opening of a door on one ſide of the fire-place, and hearing a hollow voice ſay, "Enter here, and fear nothing."—They all now paſſed into this room, and as ſoon as they had all got in, the door flew to with ſo much violence, as to ſeem to ſhake the rock itſelf. They were now involved in the deepeſt darkneſs, this room having before been only enlightened by the light which had come in at the door, which was now ſhut ſo cloſe that no efforts of Mr. Henneth could open it.

They had not remained long in this dreadful ſituation when they heard very near them the ſoft breathings of a flute, which ſounded moſt melodiouſly, and almoſt made them forget the horrors of the moment; when ſuddenly, at the farther end of the cave, they beheld a face which had ſomewhat of the human form, but was rendered terrific by ſhining with a ſtrong vivid blue light. This they had ſcarcely beheld a minute, when it diſappeared, and the muſic again commenced. Scarcely had this continued a minute, when the face again appeared, but now it was illuminated by frequent flaſhes, and volumes of fire which came rolling out at its mouth. The muſic now was again heard, the face diſappeared, and they heard a door gently creak on its hinges.

Whilſt waiting very anxiouſly to ſee who ſhould enter, they heard the muſic again; but at a greater diſtance. In a moment after, another door flew open, to which, as the light ruſhed in there, they all flew; but gueſs their wonder, when they paſſed into a little apartment, in which, although it was December, roſes, pinks, and jaſmine, were blowing, with the moſt delightful fragrance, and numerous other plants diſplaying their beauties and diffuſing their odours. No pen can deſcribe the aſtoniſhment which might be now ſeen in

every countenance; but ſoon was their aſtoniſhment increaſed, for George looking through the window, joined his hands together, danced in an agony of joy, and with the tears flowing from his eyes, from the ſweet poignancy of delight, exclaimed, " Oh, look! look!"—They all looked through the window, and beheld Mr. Millſon very compoſedly at work in a little garden.

The door which opened from this little hot-houſe into the garden was now ſoon found, and away they all flew to Millſon, who laughed moſt heartily as they came round him. Joe, however, kept at a moſt reſpectful diſtance; nay, if he could at that moment have flown a hundred miles from him, he undoubtedly would have done ſo. " It may (ſays Joe to himſelf) be old Millſon, but how can that be, when he now lies dead in the front room? aye, aye, aye! laugh on, Mr. Devil, you don't catch me near you."—And truly did Joe keep to his word; for, during their ſtay in the garden, Joe took care to keep as far from him as poſſible. The young folks all clung cloſe to Millſon, begging to know how he had brought himſelf to life again, and praying to know who was that dreadful man with a face of fire?—Mr. Henneth himſelf, with a laugh, ſaid, " Well, Mr. Millſon, I muſt confeſs, notwithſtanding the notice you gave me in a whiſper this morning, I am quite at a loſs with reſpect to ſeveral circumſtances I have this day witneſſed; ſo pray favour us with a thorough explanation."—" Well, (ſays Millſon) my welcome gueſts follow me." He now returned into the greenhouſe, and thence into the room they had laſt quitted; but here Joe thought it would be as well not to enter, and therefore kept aloof. " Come, Joe, come along," ſays Mr. Millſon.—" Not I indeed, Sir (ſaid Joe), except I can be aſſured that Old Fiery Face is not there."—" Come along Joe, (ſaid Mr. Henneth) I'll inſure your ſafety."—Joe now came in, and the door was again ſhut, and all in darkneſs; but, by touching a ſpring, the blind, which covered the window, flew up, and ſhewed the garden they had juſt quitted. The light, thus admitted, ſhewed the room to be rather ſpacious, with the ſides covered with books, with a teleſcope, globes, and other philoſophical inſtruments; and, in the middle of the room, a table ſet out with cakes and a bottle or two of currant wine. He now having ſeated his gueſts, and ſupplied them with refreſhment, told them, he would keep them no longer in ſuſpence, but would proceed to explain all the wonders they had beheld, as well as the motives which had induced them to take the part in them he had. No great difficulty

ficulty exiſted in obtaining ſilence, all were as ſtill and as attentive as poſſible. Mr. Millſon therefore thus addreſſed them:—"When, my young friend, George, came with Mr. Henneth, his father, to honour me with the invitation to enjoy thoſe days of pleaſantry we all have ſo charmingly paſſed, I ſaw that he fixed his eyes on my piſtols; and it ſeemed with difficulty, indeed, that he could keep from beholding them; I was then convinced that his curioſity was ſo much excited, and ſuch a propenſity to meddle with fire arms created, that nothing but ſome ſtrong and ſtriking circumſtance could counteract. For this purpoſe, therefore, having you know had a new coat to pay my viſit in to Edley Caſtle, I this morning ſtuffed my old coat full of ſtraw and rags, I then placed it in a chair, in the poſition George found it, with its face, for the better concealment, ſeemingly leaning on the table. I alſo loaded one of the piſtols with powder, faſtened it to the table, and tied a ſtring to the trigger, which I brought through this hole in the door into this room, whilſt I watched his motions through this hole. Directly as I ſaw him touch the piſtol, I pulled the ſtring, the piſtol went off; then pulling another ſtring faſtened to the chair in which my repreſentative was placed, down he fell, and away run poor George. I then prepared for your reception in the other room, pulled open the door, called you in, with a feigned voice, and then let the door fall violently to. I then took up my little flute, and played a bar or two of the ſlow movement in the overture of Artaxerxes; and then clapped on a maſk, I had previouſly rubbed with phoſphorus. This being removed, I again took my flute, and after performing a little time, I played off a chymical trick, by which I appeared to breathe flames. When you heard the door creak, I made my eſcape into the garden, and pulled the door open which led you into the green-houſe. Thus are all the myſteries explained; and now for the motives which induced me to play you theſe ſtrange tricks.

"My intention in playing thoſe little tricks, both to-day and yeſterday evening, which excited, perhaps, ſome little terror in your minds, was that of ſhewing you the folly of ſuppoſing every ſtrange appearance to be ſomething out of the ordinary courſe of nature, and the weakneſs of allowing yourſelves, ſo to be overcome by terror on ſuch occaſions, as to be deprived of the power of making the neceſſary examination. It is no wonder that any one, who allows his mind ſo to be engroſſed with terror on ſuch occaſions, and who ſo yields up the powers of the mind, as to let ſuch circum-

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ſtances paſs without examination, ſhould refer every thing, in the leaſt out of the common way, to witches, ghoſts, fairies, &c. How much more proper was the conduct of my little heroine, who when the bloody ghoſt appeared, went directly up to it, and made that diſcovery which diſpelled all fear. Another remark I muſt make reſpecting thoſe experiments by which I have lately ſo much engaged your attention; which is, that you ſhould carefully obtain all the inſtruction you are able, concerning the principles by which ſuch extraordinary effects are produced; and then theſe experiments may become to you, not merely a ſource of amuſement, but the means of important inſtruction. But ſome degree of ſcientific knowledge is neceſſary to be poſſeſſed by thoſe who chooſe thus rationally to amuſe themſelves, ſince diſagreeable conſequences might be the reſult of attempting to perform them without the neceſſary previous information. When I found George was undoubtedly ſtricken with a propenſity to play with fire-arms, I was determined, if poſſible, to ſhow him what tickliſh things they are; and to impreſs on his mind, as ſtrongly as poſſible, how much caution is neceſſary in meddling with them; and the dangerous conſequences which may follow their being more improperly meddled with. For this purpoſe I played him that trick, which, I believe, made ſome impreſſion on you all; and, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhall now beg you ſeriouſly to conſider the dreadful miſchiefs which may follow from admitting gunpowder and fire-arms among the number of your amuſements."—"Well, but (ſaid Charles Vincent) may we not play with gun-powder, and cannons, and fire-works, if we take care?"—"Take care, indeed, (ſaid Mr. Millſon) you're a fine fellow to talk of taking care; yes, young Pickle, much might be allowed to depend on your care, no doubt; you all of you know Frank Ruſſel, who did live at Edley; for miſchief he was equal to Charles Vincent himſelf, for precipitancy he was about a match for Harry Wilding, and for quickneſs of mind equal to any I have now the pleaſure to ſpeak to. Yet ſee how little may be depended on the care of young folks, and even of thoſe of good abilities. He had purchaſed a little braſs cannon and an ounce of gun-powder; and having charged his cannon, was proceeding to diſcharge it, when he found the priming would not light. He tried freſh priming, but in vain, and again, and again; until his patience being worn out, he thruſt his lighted ſtick into the paper of gun-powder; but this was ſo damp it did not directly take fire, he therefore then took the paper in one hand,

and applied the lighted ſtick with the other hand, and it not taking fire even now, he raiſed the gun-powder to his face, and blew on the lighted ſtick, when the powder immediately exploded, burning the whole of his face in ſo dreadful a manner, that for ſeveral days it could not be determined whether he would ever recover his ſight, and had it not been for the properly directed and unremitting efforts of his affectionate mother, he muſt have been ſo frightfully ſcarred, as to have been dreadful to view. Therefore, my dear fellows, remember the fate of Frank Ruſſel; and conſider alſo, that although his misfortune was in fact the conſequence of extreme thoughtleſſneſs, yet, with ſuch inflammable matter as gun-powder, no caution may be ſufficient to ſecure from dreadful accidents. As to ſporting with fire-arms, it will be ſurely ſufficient to relate to you an accident or two, and leave your own good ſenſe to make the proper inferences reſpecting the great degree of caution neceſſary in meddling with theſe horrid inſtruments of ſlaughter."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

[From Jackſon's Journey from India.]

A Frenchman was carrying diſpatches to India, acroſs the Great Deſert, from Aleppo to Buſſora. He had with him an interpreter, and an eſcort of about eighty men, moſtly on camels. When about five days journey from Buſſora, they were attacked in the evening by a wandering tribe of Arabs. The meſſenger had a double-barrelled gun, with which he ſhot the Sheik of the hoſtile party; but they ruſhed with ſuch fury at the firſt onſet, that before he had time to charge again, he was cut down by a ſabre. Moſt of the meſſenger's guards being killed they were ſtripped by the conquerors, and the meſſenger among the reſt, it being imagined that he was dead. After the engagement, the Arabs lighted fires to make coffee and refreſh themſelves; and, as is cuſtomary with them, ſat on the ground in a circle round the fire.

The meſſenger's wound not proving mortal, (for though he had one ſide of his face cut down, his ſkull was not materially injured) he at length recovered his ſenſes; and finding himſelf entirely naked, as well as much weakened by the loſs of blood, he had nearly given himſelf up to deſpair. But, recollecting to have heard of this ſingular diſpoſition

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in the Arabs, he reſolved to try the experiment, as the only means of ſaving his life, or putting an end to his exiſtence. He took a view of the Arabs ſitting round the fire, and fingled out him whom he thought moſt likely to be the Chief, as being the oldeſt looking man in the company. Naked as he was, and almoſt covered with blood, he ruſhed into the ring, and threw himſelf at his feet. His conjecture was right. This old man was the Chief, who immediately covered him with his cloak. He was now at a loſs for an interpreter; but, on ſearch being made, the interpreter was found in a ſimilar ſituation, wounded, but not dangerouſly. The meſſenger had his clothes and diſpatches returned to him; and the Chief entered into an agreement to deliver him ſafe at Buſſora, on the meſſenger promiſing to pay him one hundred Venetian ſequins. Both parties performed their agreement; the meſſenger arrived ſafe, and had engaged a dow to take him to Muſcat. This having reached the Engliſh reſident's ears, he ſeized the meſſenger with his diſpatches, and had his wounds dreſſed by the Engliſh ſurgeon. It was imagined that the meſſenger if ſuffered to proceed, would not have reached India, as his wounds required much ſurgical aſſiſtance.

ACCOUNT *of* PEN PARK HOLE.

[From the Philoſophical Tranſactions.]

THIS hole, which is ſituated in the corner of a plain field (near Pen Park, the ſeat of John Harmer, Eſq. five miles from Briſtol) is encompaſſed, for a ſmall diſtance round with a hedge, to prevent cattle, &c. from falling into it; within this hedge there are a few buſhes growing; therefore thoſe whoſe curioſity may tempt them to viſit it, will do well to look cautiouſly about them, before they venture to explore this dreadful gulph. Within this incloſure, which is but a few yards in circumference, a moſt horrid chaſm preſents itſelf to the eye, of no great depth at the opening, but a little lower it extends itſelf on every ſide, quite out of ſight; if a ſtone be caſt into this opening, it will be heard daſhing againſt the protuberances of rock, &c. it meets with in falling, for a conſiderable time, till, at laſt, it is loſt by plunging into a vaſt depth of water.

A melancholy accident, which happened here on Friday, the 17th of March, 1775, was the cauſe of this place being

more univerſally known than heretofore, and was the means of ſeveral perſons venturing down into it. The Rev. Mr. Newnham, one of the minor canons of Briſtol cathedral, in company with another gentleman and two ladies, went to this place to examine the depth with a line, and on approaching the mouth of the aperture, for his greater ſafety, laid hold of a twig which ſprung from the root of an aſh growing over the mouth of the cavern, but his foot unfortunately ſlipping, the twig broke, and he fell to the bottom, in ſight of his friends, whoſe diſtreſs at this dreadful event may be imagined, but not deſcribed; and here we cannot omit a remarkable circumſtance, which is the pſalm in the morning ſervice of that day, read by him at Clifton church, where he officiated, for being ſo plaintively deſcriptive of his approaching cataſtrophe: Pſalm 88, v. 6. "Thou haſt laid me in the loweſt pit: in a place of darkneſs, and in the deep." Many perſons went down daily, for a conſiderable time, in ſearch of the body, which was not found till thirty-nine days after the accident, when it was met with floating on the water.

The Neceſſity of acknowledging our Ignorance.

"All I know is that I know nothing."—Anc. Phil.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE above frank acknowledgment of ſome ancient philoſopher, whoſe name I do not at preſent recollect, has often appeared to me as a precedent not abſolutely unworthy to be followed, even in ſuch a wiſe and knowing age as we have the happineſs to live in. There are plenty of people ready to boaſt of their knowledge, and to bring it before the public when they have a large ſtock on hand, or, on other occaſions, to make a very little go a great way. We have plenty who are ready to inform us that they are the greateſt philoſophers, the greateſt hiſtorians, the greateſt poets, and the greateſt in all other branches of genius and knowledge; but we have not ſo many who are ready to acknowledge their ignorance, as the quantity of ignorance in actual exiſtence ſeems to demand.

I have often wiſhed, however, that men would be as willing to confeſs their ignorance, as well as to bring forward, in a prominent point of view, their knowledge; becauſe

knowledge, where it exists, is sure to be discovered without any extraordinary trouble, whereas ignorance requires so many ways to hide it, such strange shifts and expedients, such evasions, such quirks and quibbles, that very few are enabled to conceal it without a much greater degree of trouble and expence than the article is fairly worth. It is, indeed, somewhat like telling a lie, which all *gentlemen* conversant in the art, will acknowledge to be far more difficult than the plain truth, and far more disagreeable in its consequences than a "plain, unvarnished tale."

When I have seen any of my friends attempt to conceal their ignorance (for alas! I *have* many friends by whom that is thought necessary), I have pitied their struggles, their painful efforts, and their hard pulls, yet without any desire to help them, because I consider with what greater ease they might have at once confessed their ignorance, and there the matter would have ended. With a view, therefore, to prevent such accidents hereafter, and bring ignorance, if I can, into vogue, I have taken up my pen, and shall endeavour to point out some advantages which would attend a fair, frank, and open confession of our ignorance in all cases where we happen to be possessed of that commodity, and likewise some of the disadvantages attending the contrary and too common practice.

It may be necessary to so great an undertaking, and, to some, so unpleasing a task, that I previously state certain privileges to which *ignorance* is entitled, and which I hope may in some degree tend to recommend it. In the first place, ignorance is no *crime*. The law indeed says, "*Ignorantia neminem excusat*," that is, that ignorance is not to be admitted as an excuse, but this, it must be observed, is in cases where it is in a man's power to have acquired knowledge: for example, a man's being ignorant of the existence of the income-tax will not excuse him from paying it; and, indeed, a most incorrigible ignoramus he must be who is ignorant of this and many other things of the kind. Such an instance cannot well be supposed, where there are so many gentlemen in the neighbourhood whose business it is to inform people of such matters, and who come round quarterly, or monthly, and are extremely obliging in their communications.

Ignorance, however, on the larger scale, and where a man is neither expected nor obliged to *know*, is certainly no crime, and if ten thousand instances were to be given, there would not, perhaps, be a dozen out of the whole number, in which

which a man might not candidly confeſs his ignorance without incurring any moral guilt.

If ſuch are the privileges of ignorance, let us conſider the advantages of frankly confeſſing it. In the firſt place if it *were* a crime, the criminality is completely done away by the confeſſion, which makes men ready enough to forgive. But another advantage ariſes, namely, that he who confeſſes his ignorance is in the readieſt way to get rid of ſo dull and troubleſome a companion, and gain knowledge in its ſtead. To be ſenſible of our defects is a ſtep toward having them ſupplied, as knowing our diſorder is a ſtep toward having it cured. A man who will not acknowledge his ignorance, and a patient who will not reveal his complaint, are equally beyond the reach of aſſiſtance.

In the ſecond place, a frank confeſſion of ignorance would prevent the ſhame which attends its being expoſed. There is a wonderful difference between the fate of an ignorant man, and one who expoſes his ignorance. The former we ſeldom blame; he calls for no cenſure: he aims at no diſtinction: he claims no pre-eminence: he pretends to no more than he has: he does not elbow the wife. But the latter is univerſally deemed inſufferable, and every one has a fling at him. It is a great matter, therefore, to be content with our ignorance, and not attempt to paſs it upon other people for knowledge. Such falſe coin is ſure to be detected; every man is up in arms againſt ſuch impudent forgeries. To be ignorant, and confeſs it, is the ſafeſt way to avoid the ſhame and ridicule of expoſure, which ſtick to a man a much longer time than he is aware.

The reaſon why we have ſo many pretenders to knowledge, who are groſsly ignorant, is, that men take it into their heads that it is abſolutely neceſſary to know every thing. Now it unfortunately happens that the longeſt life is inſufficient to turn a man into an encyclopedia; and therefore the wiſeſt plan would be to limit our knowledge to ſuch few things as happen to be within our reach, and confeſs our ignorance in others; becauſe if we purſue this plan we ſhall get ample credit for our acquiſitions, without being blamed for unavoidable defects. We do not blame a merchant, becauſe he is unacquainted with ſurgery, nor a ſurgeon becauſe he knows little of commerce. But if theſe characters attempt to change places, we ſhall ſoon find enough of that ignorance which is generally concealed with great pain, and expoſed with great ſhame.

It appears to be a very ſimple propoſition, that "it is not neceſſary to know every thing," and yet it is one of the moſt difficult to perſuade men into. Hence we meet with politicians, for example, in ale-houſes, who are more wiſe and knowing than are to be found in all the councils and courts of Europe, although when carefully examined, it will probably be found, that theſe ſage pot-politicians hardly know whether Europe be an iſland or a continent. They will arrange armies in columns, who never ſaw a greater body than a volunteer *corps*, and will ſend out the whole Britiſh navy upon a ſecret expedition, without having ever ſeen a larger veſſel than a Margate hoy. In theſe, and a hundred other caſes, that might be mentioned, the frank confeſſion of ignorance would be extremely uſeful to the parties, prevent them from unneceſſarily expoſing themſelves, prevent their drinking more than their purſes or conſtitutions could afford, and would give no uneaſineſs to any perſons, except, perhaps, the publican or the brewer.

If to ſome it ſhould appear harſh that I have adviſed them to a general confeſſion of ignorance, I would wiſh to modify the injunction, by ſaying, that if they were only *now* and *then* to confeſs themſelves ignorant, there would be a great and viſible change for the better in moſt companies. And while I require this in caſes of real ignorance, I have no objection to their being moſt tenacious of what they do know. Obſtinacy in caſes of this kind may be excuſed, and it would be well if it occurred on no occaſions of a different kind.

I would add, upon the whole of this ſubject, that ſtrange as it may ſeem, there are a great many things about which men employ themſelves, of our ignorance of which we need not be aſhamed, becauſe it does not ſignify a ſtraw, whether we know them or not. I ſhall tranſcribe the ſentiments of a learned and moral author on this topic, by way of concluſion. "There are, indeed," ſays he, "many ſubjects of ſtudy which ſeem but remotely allied to uſeful knowledge, and of little importance to virtue or happineſs: nor is it eaſy to forbear ſome ſallies of merriment, or expreſſions of pity, when we ſee a man wrinkled with attention, and emaciated with ſolicitude, in the inveſtigation of queſtions, of which, without viſible inconvenience, the world may expire in ignorance."

This, indeed, is a frequent occurrence, and if I were to be conſulted in many hundred ſuch caſes, where the generality of people ſtudy to be knowing, I would ſay, "Stick to your ignorance, and be not aſhamed of it in any caſe that does

does not concern your ſituation in life, your well-being, your happineſs, and your virtue."

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

SATIRICUS.

SHORT HISTORY *of* THOMAS PARKER.

THE following hiſtory of Thomas Parker, who lately died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the late war, is extracted from his log-book :—

"FIRST PART OF THE VOYAGE.*

"Pleaſant, with fine breezes and free winds—all ſail ſet. Spoke many veſſels in want of proviſions—ſupplied them freely.

"MIDDLE PASSAGE.

"Weather variable—ſhort of proviſions—ſpoke ſeveral of the above veſſels our ſupplies had enabled to refit—made ſignals of diſtreſs—they up helm, and bore away†.

"LATTER PART.

"Boiſterous, with contrary winds—Current of Adverſity ſetting hard to leeward—Towards the end of the paſſage it cleared up. With the Quadrant of Honeſty had an obſervation; corrected and made up my reckoning; and, after a paſſage of fifty years, came to in Mortality Road, with the calm unruffled ſurface of the Ocean of Eternity in view."

* Alluding to the early part of his life.

† Thoſe whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his diſtreſs, refuſe him aſſiſtance.

SKETCH *of the* LIFE *of the late* ADMIRAL MACBRIDE.

THIS brave and ſkilful officer died a few months ſince, of a paralytic affection, at the Hotel in Spring Gardens, London. He was a native of Ireland, and entered very early into the naval ſervice, for which he diſcovered a conſtant affection. The firſt dawn of his riſing fame was during the ſeven year's war, when a Lieutenant, and commanding a cutter ſtationed to cruize on the coaſt of France. He here determined on the dangerous attempt to cut ſome ſhips out of

of the enemy's harbour, and having cauſed the oars of the boats to be muffled, he with a choſen boat's crew rowed in, and actually brought out three of the ſhips from under the very muzzles of the guns of the French batteries. For this ſervice he was promoted to the rank of Maſter and Commander, and was ſoon after made a Poſt Captain in the royal navy. His fame ſtood high, and he had intereſt enough to keep the command of a frigate during the greater part of the enſuing peace, on board of which ſeveral very diſtinguiſhed characters of the Engliſh navy were educated for their profeſſion; among others the preſent Lord Charles Fitzgerald, the Duke of Norfolk, &c. his character for diſcipline inducing many perſons of high rank to put their ſons under his care. On the occaſion of a frigate being diſpatched to conduct his Majeſty's ſiſter, the late unfortunate Queen, from Denmark, to Stadt, Macbride was made choice of for this ſervice, and by his ſpirited conduct juſtified that choice. He demanded from the guns of the caſtle of Elſineur where ſhe was confined, that reſpect due to the ſiſter of his ſovereign, which the Daniſh Court would otherwiſe have withheld.

Through the whole of the late war, Macbride was in action; he commanded the Bienfaiſant, and was in her in the action between Admiral Keppel and Count d'Orvilliers, and on that officer's trial much diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome ſevere repartees to the queſtions of the proſecutor, Palliſer. In the Bienfaiſant he captured the Artois, a moſt powerful frigate, and behaved with great bravery in the action under Lord Rodney, when he doſt royed Don Juan de Langara's ſquadron. Being deſirous of more active ſervice than a ſhip of the line afforded, he aſked for the command of the Artois, the frigate he had taken, and in her was ſent to the North Seas, where, among other captures, he took two large Dutch privateers, and afterwards the Pylades and Oreſtes, ſloops in our ſervice. In his official account of theſe captures, he made uſe of a ludicrous expreſſion, that he had "winged the gentry," an expreſſion borrowed from a ſport he was fond of, cock-fighting.

When in the latter part of this war ſeamen were very much wanted to man the fleets, he undertook to raiſe twenty thouſand men in Ireland, and in a great degree ſucceeded, but unfortunately, as in moſt caſes of that kind, was obliged to take all he could find in the wilds and jails of Ireland, and who afterwards proved the inſtigators of the mutinies which took place in the fleet towards the concluſion of that war. Captain Macbride firſt married Miſs Harriſon, daughter of

the late Commodore Harriſon, with whom he acquired a good fortune, and a beautiful ſeat on the banks of the Tamar. His reſidence here introduced him to a connection with the town of Plymouth, and the freemen of that place, to ſhow their approbation of his conduct, elected him to repreſent them in Parliament, for which place he ſat that ſeſſion, and was not an inactive Member. He brought in a bill for the relief of the widows of warrant officers in the navy, which paſſed into a law; he attempted alſo to procure another bill for reſtricting Captains of the navy from holding civil employments, but in this he failed. He made a very ſpirited ſtand againſt the fortification plan of his Grace of Richmond; and his oppoſition to the attempt to paſs over ſome of the moſt deſerving officers of the navy, in a promotion of flag officers, is highly to be commended.

Captain Macbride was generally found on the ſide of oppoſition, and from this circumſtance loſt his election in 1790, but came in again on a vacancy, and continued to ſit for Plymouth till 1796.

In 1793, he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral; in 1794, of Vice Admiral; and in 1796, to be Admiral of the Blue; but in this war has had little opportunity to diſtinguiſh himſelf. At the beginning of it, he was appointed to command at Plymouth, and ſince his reſignation of that poſt we believe Admiral Macbride never hoiſted his flag.

CURIOUS MODE *of* SETTLING *a* CHALLENGE.

GENERAL HAMILTON, the American, when a youth of ſeventeen, was chief clerk to an eminent merchant in St. Euſtatia, who being abſent, the buſineſs of the compting room, of courſe, devolved on young Hamilton. He had handed to him a letter, directed to his maſter, which, ſuppoſing it related to mercantile concerns, he opened; but his ſurpriſe was great when he found that it contained a challenge to his maſter, whoſe proxy he was. The young hero anſwered the challenge in the name of his maſter, and the time and place were mentioned in the reply. Hamilton appeared to the antagoniſt of his maſter on the field; and, to uſe his own words, "did his *buſineſs* in his abſence;" and would not agree to any compromiſe, except on the expreſs condition that the challenger ſhould acknowledge, in writing, that he had received ſuitable ſatisfaction from Mr. ———, that he was a gentleman of honour, &c. and further, that he

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(Hamilton)

(Hamilton) ſhould never be known in the buſineſs—which terms the challenger was obliged to accede to, or fight young Hamilton; he choſe the former, and the parties ſeparated.

In a few months, however, it came to his maſter's ears, who was ſo ſtruck with the magnanimity of ſuch conduct, that he gave him the liberty to come to the continent, chooſe what profeſſion he pleaſed, and draw on him to any amount.

Perhaps to this anecdote America is indebted for the ſervice and abilities of a man who has not his ſuperior as a ſoldier, a financier, and a ſtateſman.

Remarks on the high Price of Rags and Paper.

THE high price of rags and paper has occaſioned two expedients to be reſorted to, which it is to be hoped will have the effect of lowering them. One is to reduce to a pulp all kinds of paper which have been printed or written upon, and having extracted the colouring and oily matter, to re-manufacture it; the other is to obliterate the ink, &c. from the ſurface of the uſed paper, and thus convert it again into perfect white paper. Both attempts deſerve encouragement; and by conferring an increaſed value upon old paper, may occaſion much of it that has heretofore been waſted or burnt, to be brought to market. As an encouragement to its preſervation, it would be praiſe-worthy in all perſons whoſe buſineſs creates much waſte writing or other paper, to beſtow the produce of it as a perquiſite upon their clerks or ſervants.

A greater evil could not have befallen literature than the preſent advance in the price of paper, and conſequently in that of books. It cannot, however, be too often repeated, that the monopoly of rags and paper, as of the neceſſaries of life, &c. is in great part, if not ſolely, occaſioned by the diſcounting accommodation afforded by the Bank of England. This pernicious ſyſtem of paper credit is now perhaps become unavoidable, but its ruinous effects are every day becoming more apparent. During the American war, the weekly diſcounts at the Bank ſeldom exceeded two hundred thouſand pounds; and they are now ſeldom beneath two millions!

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the memorable engagement that took place on the 6th of July, 1779, between Admiral Byron and Count D'Eſtaing, off Grenada, the Lion, of 64 guns, then commanded by Captain, now Admiral Cornwallis, took a moſt conſpicuous ſhare in the battle, inſomuch that ſhe was the moſt diſabled of the Britiſh fleet: this being obſerved by one of the French 80's, ſhe immediately bore out of the line down upon the Lion, who could neither wear nor ſtay, with an evident intent of raking her aſtern; and as the Lion could only bring four guns to bear on her, the brave Cornwallis, with the greateſt coolneſs, gave directions to his Aid-de-Camp, (the Hon. Mr. Welleſley, the preſent Marquis Welleſley's brother) to go below, and tell the officers to give orders to all the men to lie down, fore and aft, as an enemy's ſhip was coming to rake them, adding theſe emphatick words, "As we ſhall go down together." The brave Admiral Barrington, but lately deceaſed, in the Prince of Wales, of 74 guns, ſeeing the imminent danger of the Lion, clapped his helm aweather, and purſued the Frenchman, and at the critical moment that he was pointing all his guns into the Lion's ſtern, the Prince of Wales brought her broadſide cloſe between the Lion's ſtern, and the enemy, and took the whole doſe himſelf, and continued the conteſt till ſhe made the Frenchman ſheer off very much ſhattered. This manœuvre of Admiral Barrington on that day ſaved the Lion from deſtruction.

Anſwer, by W. Wood, of Dunſter, to Cleon's Queſtion, inſerted April 28.

BY multiplying the terms of the given equation we have $4x^2-2-4x^3+2x$; the fluxion whereof $8xx-12x^2x+2x=0$, by the queſtion; hence x^2— two-thirds $x=$ one-ſixth; therefore $x=8603796$.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to W. Harris's Logogriphe, inſerted June 9.

ON yon unfrequented ſpot,
See the *Hermitage* ariſe;
Here the *Hermit* ſpends his days,
'Till crown'd with *Age* he calmly dies.

He fears no *Rage* of man or *Beaſts*,
Confiding ſolely in Heav'n's care;
Nor *Hat* or cap ſurround his brow,
He *Eats* the meat of homely cheer.

The mountain herb he makes his *Tea*,
Conſcience his impenetrable *Targe*;
He heeds no *Rate*; bold as a *Tar*,
Providence doth his ſteps enlarge.

Thus *Girt* by Heaven's ſuperior care,
No *Heat*, nor cold, nor ſtorms annoy;
No buſtling winds bedin his *Ear*,
Trifling as *Mites* againſt his joy.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge; P. A. Kavanagh, and R. Thomas, of Exeter; R. Baker, of the Poole Volunteers; Serjeant Field, of late Fourth Devon Militia; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; J. Whiteway, of Dartington; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Field, of Staverton; and W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.

A CHARADE, *by W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.*

A Certain game; a ſovereign name;
And a lucid ſubſtance bring to light:
A piece of furniture they'll form
Wherein Ophelia takes delight.

A CHARADE, *by J. B. M. of Wareham.*

WHEN ſoldiers brave together meet,
And colours ſail aloft in air,
Then women crowd the ſtreet, and ſoon
My firſt is ſeen conſpicuous there.

My next when thunders rend the ſkies,
And light'nings dreadful flaſh around;
The ſailor wiſhes oft to reach,
And touch the long, long wiſh'd for ground.

In fam'd Britannia's ſacred iſle,
Where freedom will for ever be;
Charadian gents, employ your minds,
My whole's a ſea-port town you'll ſee.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HYMN *to* GOD *for the* GLORIOUS HARVEST.

ETERNAL GOD! we laud thy name,
Thy love with cheerful voice we ſing;
And from the altar of our hearts
A willing offering, Lord! we bring.

Thro' thy great mercy famine flies,
Which late o'er Britain drear did brood;
What more can mark a pow'r ſublime?
What more can point the bounteous God?

This proves a God, a gracious God,
A God whom Heaven and nature owns;
A God whom trembling ſinners dread;
A God who hears the orphan's moans.

Oh Lord! where'er we turn our eyes,
O'er nature's wide extended face;
Wonders on wonders catch the view,
Until we drop, loſt in a maze.

Great Pow'r! may Britain ſtill implore
The ſweets of peace to crown the year;
That Britons 'neath their vines may ſit
Secure from all the ills of war.

Oh let our future harveſts come
With peace and plenty in their train!
May maſſacres no more aſtound,
Nor glut the glebe with gory ſtain!

Hail! Great God of Harveſts! hail!
Eternal glories to thy name!
Ye ſpacious heavens proclaim his love,
Nor thou, Oh earth, neglect the theme!

THOMAS WHICKER.

Exeter, Auguſt 17, 1800.

The EXISTENCE *of a* DEITY.

By the Rev. J. LATHROP.

WHEN I lift up my wond'ring eyes,
And view the ground and ſpacious ſkies,
"There is a God," my thoughts exclaim,
Who built this vaſt ſtupendous frame.

The ſun by day with glorious light,
The moon with milder rays by night;

Each

Each rolling planet, glowing ſtar,
Wiſdom and power divine declare.

The light'ning's blaze, and thunder's roar,
The clouds, which watry bleſſings pour;
The winter's froſt, the ſummer's heat,
This pleaſing, awful truth repeat.

The foreſt, and the graſſy mead,
Where wild beaſts roam, or tame ones feed;
Corn ſpringing from the lifeleſs clod
Confeſs the agency of God.

My body form'd with niceſt art,
My heaving lungs, and beating heart;
My limbs, obſequious to my will,
Shew forth my Maker's power and ſkill.

The various paſſions of the mind,
The powers of reaſon, more refin'd;
Bold fancy's flights; each lively ſenſe,
Prove a ſupreme intelligence.

A God ſo great, and always near,
Shall be the object of my fear;
His goodneſs, wiſdom, truth, and love,
Shall my beſt paſſions ever move.

My care ſhall be, his ſacred will
To underſtand, and to fulfil;
His ſervice ſhall my life employ,
His favour is my higheſt joy.

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

HAS death, in pity to thy woes,
Vouchſaf'd at length thine eyes to cloſe?
Thy anguiſh, then, is o'er;
Thy friends are ſorrowing at thy fate;
But, ah! their ſorrowing comes too late,
Thou wilt return no more.

Enough of ſuff'ring thou haſt ſeen,
Poor heart! I fear this world has been
A world of bitterneſs to thee:
No joys illum'd thy cheerleſs day,
Love ſtrew'd no roſes in thy way—
"A blank's thy hiſtory."

Hither, ſweet vi'lets, to her tomb
Ye pale primroſes, hither come,
And mourn the live-long ſpring;
While, as our tears bedew the ground,
And ſighs are mingling with the ſound,
Be this the ſtrain we ſing:

"When Heav'n's laſt fires extinct ſhall lie,
"And nature's ſelf ſhall fade and die;
"May ſome kind ſeraph bear
"Thee far from burning worlds away
"To fairer ſcenes of happier day,
"And God's peculiar care!"

E. C.